

# The Legend of Timpanogos

By Donna Dayton

Many, many moons, Timpanogos with her peaks  
Has held a special legend, of a love that is unique.

Dwelling in the foothills, the Uintah Indians were known  
Chief White Eagle ruled, but the Great White Spirit shone.

The tribe believed He lived, in the crags of the lofty mountains  
Where steep glaciers meet, cool waters spring like fountains.

He measured out good will, or ill fortune as they deserved  
In devastating storms, or curse the streams and their reserve.

The tribes begged for mercy, in their ceremonial passion  
But to no avail, they must sacrifice a maiden.

Blindfolding the girls, that the angry God may choose  
The one to pick the stone, with the death mark for a truce.

Daughter of the chief, young Utahna's fate was sealed  
She chose the marked stone, her young life she would yield.

Braves led her to the portal, sacred ground from whence she'd leap  
In her tribal robes, avenging promise she would keep.

In the tread of moccasined feet, she walked the wooded path  
Maiden dreams set aside, she'd calm the Great White Spirit's wrath.

On the trail was Red Eagle, from a strange tribe, his father chief  
In superstitious terror, gave herself to him in relief.

Red Eagle understood, in his desire, he was tempted  
Pretended to be divine, said her sacrifice, "accepted."

Along a narrow terrace, he guided her into a cave  
Utahna's heart filled with joy, fell in love with a Plute brave.

For many, many moons, she believed He controlled the storms  
The Great God Timpanogos, she lay contented in His arms.

Then a grizzly bear, attacked her holy lover  
Bringing forth his life's blood, the truth she did discover.

Nursed him back to health, then slipped away, in her disgrace  
Arms raised in supplication, her body hurled through the space.

Her body at his feet, Red Eagle raised his broken bride  
Went back to crystal cave and in sorrow, he too, died.

The Great White Spirit then, merged their bleeding hearts as one  
Fastened to the ceiling, signifying the union.

And on the mountaintop, the Great White Spirit quietly keeps  
Watch over the fertile valley, as the Indian Maiden sleeps.